

# AN ELEGY

ON THE  
GLORIOUS DEATH  
OF

Col. John Okey;

Who Suffered at TYBURN, the 19<sup>th</sup>. of April, 1662.

**T**Is best seen at Sun-set, whose the Day was.  
Though sev'ral Acts of thy Life (*John*) might pass  
Mist'ers for good and brave; yet, who could tell  
That thou wouldst carry't thorow half so well?

Thou wert retreated, and (forc'd to rally)  
Didst out-do all thy former Chivalry.  
Thy Friends then have more cause to sing, than groan;  
For, sure, as when thou wert wont to go on,  
GOD was with thee; so, art thou now with Him,  
In being thus brought off, though Limb by Limb.

But why are not thy Quarters perch'd, like theirs,  
Who prov'd it th'close thy Fellow-Souldiers?  
The Cabbs would seem kind; but were wise, and did  
Know they were safest, when OKEY was hid.

Nor did \*thy Lay-Chaplain bewray poor Delf \*Sir George  
For the discov'ry of thee, but himself Downing.  
To be † Squire Duns small factor, & the High † The Hang-  
And Mighty Lords o'th Low Lands to be nighl man.  
The honour of making their Countrey free,  
By giving't up (like ours) to Monarchie.

Next, how came thy last Harangue to disown  
The Horridness, though not the Action?  
The fence of that Guilt, which once made thee fly,  
Did all to leave thee, when thou wert to dye.

Methinks I see thee bustling up to say,  
In spite of both the Sh'rif's (Where, by the way,  
VWhen any Malefactor comes to bleed  
For Theft, or what else is a Crime indeed,  
shall we reade of an Executioner  
Capitulating with the Thief, for fear  
He should perswade the People that he dy'd  
For that, which Reason would have justify'd?)

*If to have fled, be a Confession  
Of Guilt, the Regicide (that now is grown  
The only right) heretofore many a time  
To Fields, Brooks, Walls, and Woods confess a crime.*

Methinks I hear thee again say, *If to be  
Condemn'd, make a man guilty, What was he  
Whom we condemn'd? Or, if be unjustly  
Did suffer, though condemn'd, why might not I?  
He had (I'm sure) fairer play for: Life, than  
Any of us three, being heard, and heard again:  
While all that I was try'd upon, amounted  
To this, Whether the twelve pickt men, accounted  
Me the same Okey, which was of that Gang,  
Such an All meant, without hearing, to hang.*

Well, let 'um hang (*John*) such as are fast ry'd,  
And mangle such, as are first mortify'd:  
Let 'um perfume the Roads with Garbage broil'd,  
And feast the Fowls with Flesh they never soyld;  
Shewing by their moderated Greatness,  
How nobly they obtain'd what they possess.

Bless'd (mean-while) be those early Buds, that met  
By thousands to attend thy Body; yet  
Were fain to be mockt, lest, it th' very Grave  
Thy Mock-attainder should true Honour have.  
England shall want Trees for Gibbets, before  
Those Trees shall want the Fruit they lately bore,  
Or, that Fruit Kernels, or those Kernels Earth  
Wherein to roo, and whence to take new birth:  
Till our Posterity arrive to th' Fame  
Of be'ng born in an Orchard of the same.

From such Beginnings GOD was pleas'd to bring  
That Gospel, which now through the World doth  
(ring

*In Sanguine Semen.*

*Regif=Jude*